THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 15, 1805.

Epiſode from Mrs. Opie's Adeline Mowbray.

MARY, meanwhile, had gone in ſearch of a place; and having found the lady to whom ſhe had been adviſed to offer herſelf, at home, ſhe returned to tell Adeline that Mrs. Pemberton would call in half an hour to inquire her character. The half-hour, an anxious one to Adeline, having elapſed, a lady knocked at the door, and inquired, in Adeline's hearing, for Mrs. Glenmurray.

"Tell the lady," cried Adeline immediately from the top of the ſtaircaſe, "that Miſs Mowbray will wait on her directly." The footman obeyed, and Mrs. Pemberton was uſhered into the parlour; and now, for the firſt time in her life, Adeline trembled to approach a ſtranger; for the firſt time ſhe felt that ſhe was going to appear before a fellow-creature as an object of ſcorn, and, though an enthuſiaſt for virtue, to be conſidered as a votary of vice. But it was a mortification which ſhe muſt ſubmit to undergo; and haſtily throwing a large ſhawl over her ſhoulders, to hide her figure as much as poſſible, with a trembling hand ſhe opened the door, and found herſelf in the dreaded preſence of Mrs. Pemberton.

Nor was ſhe at all re-aſſured when ſhe found that lady dreſſed in the neat, modeſt garb of a ſtrict quaker—a garb which creates an immediate idea in the mind, of more than common rigidneſs of principles and ſanctity of conduct in the wearer of it. Adeline curtſied in ſilence.

Mrs. Pemberton bowed her head courteouſly; then, with a countenance of great ſweetneſs, and a voice calculated to inſpire confidence, ſaid, "I believe thy name is Mowbray; but I came to ſee Mrs. Glenmurray: and as on theſe occaſions I always wiſh to confer with the principal, wouldſt thou,

if it be not inconvenient, aſk the miſtreſs of Mary to let me ſee her."

"I am myſelf the miſtreſs of Mary," replied Adeline in a faint voice.

"I aſk thine excuſe," anſwered Mrs. Pemberton, re-ſeating herſelf: "as thou art Mrs. Glenmurray, thou art the perſon I wanted to ſee."

Here Adeline changed colour, overcome with the conſciouſneſs that ſhe ought to undeceive her, and the ſenſe of the difficulty of doing ſo.

"But thou art very pale, and ſeemeſt uneaſy," continued the gentle quaker—"I hope thy huſband is not worſe."

"Mr. Glenmurray, but not my huſband," ſaid Adeline, "is better to day."

"Art thou not married?" aſked Mrs. Pemberton with quickneſs.

"I am not."

"And yet thou liveſt with the gentleman I named, and art the perſon whom Mary called Mrs. Glenmurray?"

"I am," replied Adeline, her paleneſs yielding to a deep crimſon, and her eyes filling with tears.

Mrs. Pemberton ſat for a minute in ſilence; then riſing with an air of cold dignity, "I fear thy ſervant is not likely to ſuit me," ſhe obſerved, "and I will not detain thee any longer."

"She can be an excellent ſervant," faltered out Adeline.

"Very likely—but there are objections." So ſaying ſhe reached the door: but as ſhe paſſed Adeline ſhe ſtopped, intereſted and affected by the mournful expreſſion of her countenance, and the viſible effort ſhe made to retain her tears.

Adeline ſaw, and felt humbled at the compaſſion which her countenance expreſſed: to be an object of pity was as mortifying as to be an object of ſcorn, and ſhe turned her eyes on Mrs. Pemberton with a look of proud indignation; but they met thoſe of Mrs. Pemberton fixed on her with a look of ſuch benevolence, that her anger was inſtantly ſubdued; and it occurred to her that ſhe might make the benevolent compaſſion viſible in Mrs. Pemberton's countenance ſerviceable to her diſcarded ſervant.

"Stay, Madam," ſhe cried, as Mrs. Pemberton was about to leave the room, "allow me a moment's converſation with you."

Mrs. Pemberton, with an eagerneſs whichſhe ſuddenly endeavoured to check, returned to her ſeat.

"I ſuſpect," ſaid Adeline (gathering courage from the conſcious kindneſs of her motive,) that your objection to take Mary Warner into your ſervice proceeds wholly from the ſituation of her preſent miſtreſs."

"Thou

" Thou judgeſt rightly," was Mrs. Pemberton's anſwer.

" Nor do I wonder," continued Adeline, " that you make this objection, when I conſider the preſent prejudices of ſociety."

" Prejudices!" ſoftly exclaimed the benevolent quaker.

" Adeline faintly ſmiled, and went on.—" But ſurely you will allow, that in a family quiet and ſecluded as our's, and in daily contemplation of an union uninterrupted, faithful, and virtuous, and poſſeſſing all the ſacredneſs of marriage, though without the name, it is not likely that the young woman in queſtion ſhould have imbibed any vicious habits or principles."

" But in contemplating thy union itſelf, ſhe has lived in the contemplation of vice: and thou wilt own, that, by having given it an air of reſpectability, thou haſt only made it more dangerous."

" On this point," cried Adeline, " I ſee we muſt diſagree—I ſhall therefore, without further preamble, inform you, Madam, that Mary, aware of the difficulty of procuring a ſervice, if it were known that ſhe had lived with a kept miſtreſs, as the phraſe is (here an indignant bluſh overſpread the face of Adeline), deſired me to call myſelf the wife of Glenmurray; but this, from my abhorrence of all falſehood, I peremptorily refuſed."

" And thou didſt well," exclaimed Mrs. Pemberton, " and I reſpect thy reſolution."

" But my ſincerity will, I fear, prevent the poor girl's obtaining other reputable places; and I, alas! am not rich enough to make her amends for the injury which my conſcience forces me to do her. But if you, Madam, could be prevailed upon to take her into your family, even for a ſhort time only, to wipe away the diſgrace which her living with me has brought upon her—"

" Why can ſhe not remain with thee?" aſked Mrs. Pemberton haſtily.

" Becauſe ſhe neglected her duty, and, when reproved for it, replied in very injurious language."

" Preſuming probably on thy way of life?"

" I muſt confeſs that ſhe has reproached me with it."

" And this was all her fault?"

" It was:—ſhe can be an excellent ſervant."

" Thou haſt ſaid enough; thy conſcience ſhall not have the additional burthen to bear, of having deprived a poor girl of her maintenance—I will take her."

" A thouſand thanks to you," replied Adeline: " you have removed a weight off my mind; but my conſcience, I bleſs God, has none to bear."

"No?" returned Mrs. Pemberton: "doſt thou deem thy conduct blameleſs in the eyes of that Being whom thou haſt juſt bleſſed?"

"As far as my connection with Mr. Glenmurray is concerned, I do."

"Indeed!"

"Nay, doubt me not—believe me that I never wantonly violate the truth; and that even an evaſion, which I, for the firſt time in my life, was guilty of to-day, has given me a pang to which I will not again expoſe myſelf."

"And yet, inconſiſtent beings as we are," cried Mrs. Pemberton, "ſtraining at a gnat, and ſwallowing a camel, what is the guilt of the evaſion which weighs on thy mind, compared to that of living, as thou doſt, in an illicit commerce? ſurely, ſurely, thine heart accuſes thee; for thy face beſpeaks uneaſineſs, and thou wilt liſten to the whiſpers of penitence, and leave, ere long, the man who has betrayed thee."

"The man who has betrayed me! Mr. Glenmurray is no betrayer—he is one of the beſt of human beings. No, Madam: if I had acceded to his wiſhes, I ſhould long ago have been his wife; but, from a conviction of the folly of marriage, I have preferred living with him without the performance of a ceremony which, in the eyes of reaſon, can confer neither honour nor happineſs."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Pemberton, riſing as ſhe ſpoke, "I underſtand thee now—thou art one of the enlightened, as they call themſelves—thou art one of thoſe wiſe in their own conceit, who, diſregarding the cuſtoms of ages, and the dictates of experience, ſet up their own opinions againſt the hallowed inſtitutions of men, and the will of the Moſt High."

"Can you blame me," interrupted Adeline, "for acting according to what I think right?"

"But haſt thou well well ſtudied the ſubject on which thou haſt decided? Yet, alas! to thee how vain muſt be the voice of admonition! (ſhe continued, her countenance kindling into ſtrong expreſſion as ſhe ſpoke)—From the poor victim of paſſion and perſuaſion, penitence and amendment might be rationally expected; and ſhe, from the path of frailty, might turn again to that of virtue: but for one like thee, glorying in thine iniquity, and erring, not from the too tender heart, but the vain-glorious head,—for thee there is, I fear, no bleſſed return to the right way; and I, who would have tarried with thee even in the houſe of ſin, to have reclaimed thee, penitent, now haſten from thee, and for ever—firm as thou art in guilt."

As ſhe ſaid this ſhe reached the door: while Adeline, affected by her emotion, and diſtreſſed by her language, ſtood ſilent and almoſt abaſhed before her.

But

But with her hand on the lock ſhe turned round, and in a gentler voice ſaid, " Yet not even againſt a wilful offender like thee, ſhould one gate that may lead to amendment be ſhut. Thy ſituation and thy fortunes may ſoon be greatly changed; affliction may ſubdue thy pride, and the counſel of a friend of thine own ſex might then ſound ſweetly in thine ears. Should that time come, I will be that friend. I am now about to ſet off for Liſbon with a very dear friend, about whom I feel as ſolicitous as thou about thy Glenmurray; and there I ſhall remain ſome time; here then is my addreſs; and if thou ſhouldeſt want my advice or aſſiſtance write to me, and be aſſured that Rachael Pemberton will try to forget thy errors in thy diſtreſſes."

So ſaying ſhe left the room, but returned again, before Adeline had recovered herſelf from the various emotions which ſhe had experienced during her addreſs, to aſk her Chriſtian name. But when Adeline replied, " My name is Adeline Mowbray," Mrs. Pemberton ſtarted, and eagerly exclaimed, " Art thou Adeline Mowbray of Glouceſterſhire—the young heireſs, as ſhe was called, of Roſevalley?"

" I was once," replied Adeline, ſinking back into a chair, " Adeline Mowbray of Roſevalley."

Mrs. Pemberton for a few minutes gazed on her in mournful ſilence: " And art thou," ſhe cried, " Adeline Mowbray? Art thou that courteous, blooming, bleſſed being, (for every tongue that I heard name thee bleſſed thee) whom I ſaw only three years ago bounding over thy native hills, all grace, and joy, and innocence?"

Adeline tried to ſpeak, but her voice failed her.

" Art thou ſhe," continued Mrs. Pemberton, " whom I ſaw alſo leaning from the window of her mother's manſion, and inquiring with the countenance of a pitying angel concerning the health of a wan labourer who limped paſt the door?"

Adeline hid her face with her hands.

Mrs. Pemberton went on in a lower tone of voice.—" I came with ſome companions to ſee thy mother's grounds, and to hear the nightingales in her groves; but (here Mrs. Pemberton's voice faltered) I have ſeen a ſight far beyond that of the proudeſt manſion, ſaid I to thoſe who aſked me of thy mother's ſeat; I have heard what was ſweeter to my ear than the voice of the nightingale; I have ſeen a blooming girl, nurſed in idleneſs and proſperity, yet active in the diſcharge of every Chriſtian duty; and I have heard her ſpeak in the ſoothing accents of kindneſs and of pity, while her name was followed by bleſſings, and parents prayed to have a child like her—O loſt, unhappy girl! ſuch was Adeline Mowbray: and often, very often, has thy graceful image recurred to my remembrance: but, how art thou changed! Where is the open eye of happineſs? where is the bloom that ſpoke a heart at peace with itſelf? I repeat it, and I

repeat

repeat it with agony—Father of Mercies! is this thy Adeline Mowbray?"

Here, overcome with emotion, Mrs. Pemberton paused; but Adeline could not break silence: she rose, she stretched out her hand as if going to speak, but her utterance failed her, and again she sunk on a chair.

"It was thine," resumed Mrs. Pemberton, in a faint and broken voice, "to diffuse happiness around thee, and to enjoy wealth unhated, because thy hand dispensed nobly the riches which it had received bounteously: when the ear heard thee, then it blessed thee; when the eye saw thee it gave witness to thee; and yet—"

Here again she paused, and raised her fine eyes to Heaven for a few minutes, as if in prayer; then, pressing Adeline's hand with an almost convulsive grasp, she drew her bonnet over her face, as if eager to hide the emotion which she was unable to subdue, and suddenly left the house; while Adeline, stunned and overwhelmed by the striking contrast which Mrs. Pemberton had drawn between her past and present situation, remained for some minutes motionless on her seat, a prey to a variety of feelings which she dared not venture to analyse.

Remarkable Incidents in the Life of the late Marquis of Exeter.

[From Mawman's Excursions to the Highlands of Scotland, and the English Lakes.]

THERE are some circumstances in the life of the late noble possessor of Burleigh, which deserve commemoration. In his youth, while Mr. Cecil (his uncle being then earl of Exeter), he married a lady of very large fortune. In a few years, having suffered two of the deepest wounds which the severity of fortune can inflict, the loss of his property by gaming, and of his wife by divorce, he determined to abandon the fashionable world, and retired under the name of Jones to a village in Shropshire. There he at first occupied a lodging, but soon built a small cottage; and continued for some years in such profound obscurity, that hardly a trace of him could be discovered by his friends: while the inhabitants of the village formed the wildest conjectures concerning the solitary stranger. His agreeable manners, however, soon rendered him an acceptable neighbour. One evening, at the table of the rector of the parish, he displayed so much knowledge of the world, and such a degree of classical information, that his host told him, his education and manners were too conspicuously superior to those of the character he assumed

(viz. that of a ſervant who had gained a ſmall independence in the family of a nobleman), not to excite conſiderable doubts, both of the name which he bore, and the account he gave of himſelf. This remark induced Mr. Cecil, after the ſtricteſt injunction of ſecreſy, to diſcloſe his real hiſtory.

Amongſt the farmers whom he occaſionally viſited, was one of the name of Hoggins. This perſon had a daughter about eighteen years of age, ſo beautiful and amiable that Mr. Cecil made her an offer of his hand. She referred him to her father, who, on account of the myſtery involving his character, objected to the match. To this he replied, that the offer was much more advantageous than either the father or the daughter could reaſonably expect. The farmer then conſulted the clergyman, who told him he was not at liberty to give him the deſired information: but he probably expreſſed himſelf upon the occaſion, ſo as to convince the enquirer that he ought not to withhold his conſent; for the marriage was ſoon after ſolemnized (in the year 1791), and Mr. and Mrs. Jones retired to their cottage.

Lord Exeter being at the point of death, the ſteward was diſpatched in ſearch of the heir, whom he found at Bolas, with a wife and two children. Mr. Cecil, having contrived ſtill to remain unknown, propoſed to his lady a journey to Stamford in the ſtage-coach. Before their arrival, the uncle was no more. To Burleigh they were conveyed in a chaiſe; and as they proceeded through the park, Mr. Cecil (now earl of Exeter) repeatedly aſked his fair companion how ſhe liked the grounds, and the ſituation of the manſion? He then propoſed, that they ſhould "ſee the houſe," and while the cottager was gazing with aſtoniſhment at the novel ſcene of ſo much magnificence, told her, that theſe objects of her admiration, together with many which he would afterwards ſhew her, were her own, and that ſhe was the counteſs of Exeter. The ſudden communication of this unexpected grandeur was too powerful for her to ſuſtain, and ſhe was carried motionleſs into her apartment.

The remark, however, that great and ſudden elevations ſeldom contribute much to happineſs, was here fully exemplified. Admired for her beauty and early attainment of elegant manners, beloved for her humility and amiable conduct, amidſt thoſe ſcenes of ſplendour Lady Exeter appeared unhappy. Her perpetual ſolicitude to acquire thoſe accompliſhments which ſhe thought neceſſary for her new ſtation, probably preyed upon her ſpirits, and accelerated her death. She died in the bloom of life (at the age of twenty-four), in January, 1797; leaving two ſons and a daughter,—the preſent marquis, Lord Thomas, and Lady Sophia Cecil.

Deſcriptive

Deſcriptive Sketch of Copenhagen, and the Manners of its Inhabitants.

[From Le Nord Literaire, &c. by Profeſſor Olivarius, of Kiel, in Holſtein.]

THE capital of Denmark includes within itſelf whatever is found elſewhere, divided among a number of the other cities or towns in the monarchy. Thus it has been compared to the head of a giant placed on the ſhoulders of a dwarf, and we may add, that it ſometimes appears to regard (with indifference, perhaps, even with a ſort of pride) the ſtate of languor by which the other parts of its body are afflicted.

The perimeter or circumference of this city, one of the third order of European cities, ſituated on the ſhores of the Baltic, is about 25,000 feet, a ſpace which contains upwards of 80,000 inhabitants, that is to ſay, the twenty-third part of the population of the ſtate; it is here that the court and the government reſide; here is the principal fortreſs of the country, the only univerſity of Denmark and Norway, the bank, the whole of the fleet with its arſenal; it is the ſeat of the ſovereign court, or ſupreme court of juſtice, and of the principal academies; here we meet with the only good theatre in the country, a magnificent library, the veterinary ſchool, the ſchool for military and marine cadets, a muſeum containing many rare, valuable, and curious articles, a number of ſuperb edifices, with ſtatues and monuments of all kinds.

If Copenhagen is but little known to foreigners; if its manners, uſages, amuſements have not yet excited their curioſity, ſo as to merit a particular deſcription from them, this is no ſubject matter of reproach to the nation which has but little ambition to play a ſhining part above its real force and character; it has in its own language, as likewiſe in the German, various deſcriptions of the capital, and there has lately appeared a learned and accurate deſcription of it, by M. the Profeſſor Nyerup, which traces periodically the tableau of its manners under the pen of the Daniſh Spectator. Theſe are the baſes on which, combined with our perſonal knowledge, ſays the profeſſor, we ſhall eſtabliſh our ſketch.

It is from the ſea-ſide that this city preſents itſelf in all its magnificence. It may be ſeen at the diſtance of many miles. In arriving at it by the paſſage of the Sound, nothing in the north is comparable to the coup d'oeil, formed by the canal that leads to it, and which exhibits Denmark on the right, Sweden, on the left, and the capital almoſt in front. The Gothic towers with which it is filled, and which, at a diſtance, have a moſt majeſtic appearance, more attractive, perhaps, than modern cupolas, arreſt and fix the eye of the voyager, by the height of their

pinnacles, as well as by the diverſity of brilliant ornaments with which the contour is decorated. On the ſide of Denmark, the eye is regaled with a ſucceſſion of rich fields, vaſt foreſts, meadows, fine chateaux, modeſt villas, ſmiling gardens and pleaſure-grounds, embelliſhed with all the charms of art; on the ſide of Sweden appear corn-lands, paſture-grounds, mountainous and picturesque coaſts, and laſtly, the iſle of Hveen, formerly ſo celebrated for the obſervatory of Tycho Brahè. Behind are ſeen two cities of two different kingdoms, Elſinoer, with the famous fortreſs of Cronenburg and Helſingbourg, which ſeem to approximate and unite, as in the middle of a lake; but ſoon we eſpy the ſea, and can diſtinguiſh the whole extent of the plans of Copenhagen, its port covered with veſſels, and its environs more fertile in appearance than they are in reality, inaſmuch as the different monuments of art give too ſtrong an additional impreſſion, or too much relief to the rural ſcenery.

Three objects, in particular, (the late conflagration have deſtroyed the others) ſtrike the remote ſpectator. One is the tower of the church named the Saviour; we aſcend it by a circular flight of ſteps, placed on the outſide, and ornamented with a beautiful balluſtrade of braſs or latten; the other is the ſteeple of the church of Notre Dame; and the third is the ſingular form of the obſervatory, which bears a cloſe reſemblance to a coloſſal column.

To a ſtranger arriving by land, on the ſide of Roſchild, the high road coming from Germany, the reverſe of the medal is exhibited. In that caſe, it is not poſſible to diſcover diſtinctly the city, concealed, with all its avenues, by a hill, 'till we come within a league and a half of it; the ſummits of its towers may be perceived at the diſtance of ten or twelve leagues; were it not for the excellent cauſeway which is favourable to the rapid movement of horſes, this ſombrous route would doubtleſs appear tireſome, if not even to lengthen in proportion as we advance on it. At laſt, we drop down, as it were, upon the city, the aſpect of which makes a ſtriking and profound impreſſion.

If we enter Paris, Vienna, as well as ſeveral other great cities, by a ſimple barrier, by an entrance which promiſes but little; here, as ſoon as you have paſſed through the firſt gates, a certain air of elegance, of order, of good taſte, announces that you are about to ſee a capital. If after the firſt four ſteps you do not feel as at the Piazza del Populo, at Rome, with a foreign aſpect of ſome ſuperb edifices, you are, notwithſtanding, more and more ſatisfied with this city, in proportion as you proceed in it, and, above all, as you approach the New Town, ſituated at the other extremity, and compoſed of magnificent palaces, and of the Place de Frederick, unique in its kind, from the perfect ſymmetry of the four palaces of which it is formed, and which encompaſs the beautiful equeſtrian ſtatue placed in the centre

the ſaid four palaces being ſeparated by four large ſtreets, turning towards the four cardinal points.

The ſtranger who has only conceived a mean or mediocre idea of this metropolis, muſt be ſtruck with ſingular ſurpriſe, when, in coming from the ſeaſide, he firſt traverſes the new town, which is, in its kind, ſuch as might be deemed almoſt without a model; large ſtreets in ſtraight lines, well paved, with ſide-flaggings, in excellent repair; a continuation of beautiful buildings, on both ſides; every where, an impreſſion of riches and magnificence, numerous equipages, handſome liveries, valets, domeſtics, &c. yet but few pedeſtrians; no concourſe of people, no buſtle in that quarter, which might ſeem to be the peaceable aſylum of leiſure and indulgence, without the movements occaſioned by the vicinity of the court and of the revenue, which might be compared, for its tranquillity, to ſome ſquare in the weſtern part of London, ſo ſolitary, in compariſon of Cheapſide, and other ſtreets, in the centre of the town.

There are few cities whoſe precincts contain ſo many beautiful promenades as Copenhagen. The ramparts and the boulevard, in many parts, ſituated at their feet, are planted with beautiful trees, and as they environ the city, they furniſh a *coup d'oil* as agreeable, as diverſified; but the king's garden takes the lead, in reſpect of the regularity, the elegance of its forms, its fountains, ſtatues, &c. Entrance is permitted at all hours, and the public there meet with a very beneficial recreation.

But this is not the country of frivolous amuſements; here we ſee no booths where vaulters diſplay their poſtures, no caravans wherein rare animals are ſhewn, no ſtages where jugglers rattle their boxes; the players on organs, cymbals, and other ambulatory muſicians, have not been able to introduce their joyous induſtry; ſometimes we may hear the fiddle ſcraping, to call together a groupe of female ſervants, and ſome artiſans, but the people dance very little, or not at all; they have either too much phlegm, or too little money to ſacrifice to their pleaſures. The amuſements ſeem all reſerved for the feſtival of St. John, or Midſummer-day, when they repair for amuſement to the park, more than two leagues diſtant from the city, and whither repair, as ſays the poet on the ſubject of the courſes in Italy,

" Donne e donzelle
" E brute e belle;"

or crowds of young and old, handſome and ugly.

In winter the beau monde aſſembles at the theatre, at the concerts, the balls, and the clubs: in ſummer, there is neither theatre, concerts, nor balls, and the city, which is never very gay or very brilliant, becomes then an inſipid ſolitude, for the foreigners

foreigners juſt arrived from Paris, or even from Hamburgh; the court, and all the rich citizens, are then in the country.

The court, without being niggardly, is notwithſtanding diſtinguiſhed by that ſpirit of economy which is ſo ſuitable to the moderate reſources of the ſtate; it only diſplays as much luxury as the keeping up of a court requires.

The numerous clubs, which are not here political ſocieties, produce aſſemblies among the men, both in winter and ſummer; ſome have even gardens out of the town; to theſe clubs they repair to read the news, make aſſignations or appointments, debate, &c. the women are admitted there occaſionally, and concerts, balls, banquets, &c. are given from time to time. This affords an admirable reſource to ſtrangers; by theſe means they can, with great facility, introduce themſelves into one or more of thoſe circles which conſtantly preſent a very ſelect ſociety, and the facilities of making advantageous connexions or acquaintance. The entrance is, in a manner, gratuitous for them, for ſeveral months, and they pay no more than what they think fit to ſpend.

It may ſeem matter of aſtoniſhment, that the inhabitants of a city, interſected with canals, ſituated upon the ſea, in poſſeſſion of ſo fine a marine, and which can diſplay ſo great a number of promenades and handſome villas on its coaſts, ſhould ſo very ſeldom make parties of pleaſure on the water, and diſcover ſo little taſte for this ſort of amuſement; but Copenhagen, in this reſpect, reſembles a number of other cities, which overlook advantages that their ſituation furniſhes them with, and which would require too great a charge in the appropriation of vehicles. The eſtabliſhment of bathing-houſes in the ſea, date only from the laſt ten or a dozen of years.

Although the Pariſian popinjay, or petit-maitre, no longer makes the tour of the north, it is nevertheleſs, by the faſhions of Paris, as well as by thoſe of London and of Berlin, that the dames regulate the modes of Copenhagen. German journals, decorated with engravings, are its news-mongers. The Daniſh belles ſhewed themſelves half naked, when the Pariſian elegantes thought fit to rid themſelves of the pretended ſuperfluity of their apparel; they will reſume their clothing when theſe latter ſhall have admitted the neceſſity of going warmer clad. Decorum is, however, if not rigidly, at leaſt pretty generally reſpected; ſome girls of the town, rather licentious; a ſmall number of kept women that are known without being too much remarked upon, and, perhaps, a dozen ladies of gallantry that might be mentioned; all this is but a ſmall per contra account, in a capital where reſides a court reaſonably large and rich, where the military abound, where there is an afflux of foreigners, and which, laſtly, is a conſiderable ſea port.

Generally ſpeaking, although the cuſtoms of the men may have undergone every where, of late years, a ſort of metamorphoſis, dreſs has retained here more traces of the ancient elegance than in the major part of other great cities.

The police of Copenhagen is admirable, in reſpect to the vigilance of its magiſtrates, as, likewiſe, from the wiſdom of its inſtitution; the merit of which is owing, in part, to the influence of the famous Count Struenzee, who, notwithſtanding the many faults and even crimes that his memory may be juſtly reproached with, had ſufficient intelligence to perceive all the importance of this part of the adminiſtration, and courage to operate the neceſſary changes, in order to bring it to perfection. It was neceſſary in ſome meaſure, to rouſe a nation that had grown lethargic, in the happy enjoyment of a long and profound peace, and which had been governed by two ſovereigns, one of whom was undoubtedly too much taken up with the intereſt of the church, and the other, by an effect of the goodneſs of his character, (he is ſurnamed Le Debonair), ſtood perhaps too much in dread of innovations.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

COMPLAINT *againſt* FEMALE SCANDAL.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

I Am a married man; my wife is a very good woman; that is, as good as the generality of women who live at ——, in the county of ——, are; but ſhe, together with the other women (a very few excepted) reſident there, is ſo exceſſively fond of ſcandalizing her neighbours, and finding out their faults, inſtead of mending her own, that in ſome meaſure ſhe is rather a plague than a bleſſing to me.

I was born and brought up at ——, and knowing that the women of that place had an unconquerable propenſity to goſſipping and ſcandal, I determined to go far from the town to ſeek a wife, quite free from all ſuch propenſities. Therefore, I went almoſt to Scotland, in ſearch of the woman I wanted; and had the happineſs or misfortune (I ſcarce know which) to become acquainted with Miſs C——, a woman of no fortune, but well educated, and of a good domeſtic temper.

Buſineſs called me back to ——, where I took my wife, repeatedly admoniſhing her not to liſten to the guileful ſpeeches of my town's women. For about half a year ſhe was all I could wiſh; but a ſhort time after this I found her (O horrible to relate!) leaning out of her bed-room window, (which looked out into

into a neighbour's garden) liſtening to the curſed prate of a moſt notorious goſſip. I inſtantly withdrew her from her dangerous ſituation, and in a tender manner remonſtrated with her on the bad tendency of ſuch a conduct: ſhe ſeemed for a while to deſiſt; but the poiſon had taken a laſting root on her mind; and now ſhe is among the moſt nefarious of the whole tribe.

If it is not intruding too much, I will relate a ſtory which will ſhew to what lengths they can go. A gentleman came to ——, for the benefit of his health, and brought from town with him a middle-aged woman in the capacity of a ſervant. This man had the dire misfortune to lodge at a *certain bakehouſe* in the town, where ſcandal is more attended to than buſineſs; it was not long ere the good woman of the houſe, hinted to my wife, that Betty (the ſervant) was not only maid but miſtreſs likewiſe; and that the gentleman was rather too fond of her: this flew like wild fire, and was ſoon in every mouth. The poor man was openly attacked, and obliged to depart from ——, leaving both his maid, and his character, to the mercy of thoſe miſchievous women. The manner in which I knew all this was through the medium of a *tea party* my wife had; where this matter was diſcuſſed (with the addition of a dozen lies) before my face; for I muſt acknowledge I was afraid to contradict a word they ſaid, leſt (I being the only man preſent,) if I had attempted it, they ſhould, with one accord, have ſeized me by the ears, and triumphantly have dragged me out into the ſtreet. Indeed my reaſon, in ſome meaſure, for writing you this, is openly, to all the public, to declare, *I do not hold with goſſip or ſcandal*, as the women of —— ſay I do, becauſe I ſit ſtill without contradicting their falſehoods, as I know—

" I may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate its uſual height,
As ſtop them in their full career of goſſip."

SHAKESPEARE.

But my chief intention is, if poſſible, to bring my wife to ſome ſenſe of ſhame for her paſt conduct, and utterly to expel ſcandal from my native place.

I remain, Sir,
Your moſt obedient ſervant,
TIMOTHY KEEP-CHARACTER.

ANECDOTES *of* SIR ROBERT THOMAS WILSON.

THIS gentleman was born in London, in the year 1778. He is a ſon of the celebrated Benjamin Wilſon, who was a member of every learned academy in Europe, and who held the controverſy with Dr. Franklin reſpecting the ſuperiority of pointed

pointed over blunted conductors. He was educated at the public ſchools of Wincheſter and Weſtminſter. At the age of fifteen, being ſolicitous to join the army abroad, he went to the duke of York on the continent, who, out of reſpect to his brother-in-law, Colonel Boſville, of the guards, who was killed at Lincelles, placed him immediately in the 15th light dragoons. In that corps he ſerved during the whole of the war on the continent, and was one of thoſe officers to whom the emperor gave a gold medal, and ſubſequently the croſs of the order of Maria Thereſa, with the dignity of baron of the German empire, for their conduct at the affair of Villars en Couchie, where, with about three hundred men, they defeated the left wing of the French army, with great ſlaughter, and ſaved the emperor from being taken priſoner. Colonel Wilſon had alſo the command of the advanced guard which paſſed through the columns of a French army then in march, and penetrated to the head quarters of General Pichegru, from whoſe houſe the aid-de-camp and Engliſh interpreter of General Vandamme, and two gens d'armes, were taken, and whom they brought ſafely to the duke of York, notwithſtanding they were purſued by three regiments of huſſars for above eight miles. In the year 1797 he returned to England with the Britiſh cavalry, and in the year following married Jemima, the daughter of Colonel Belford, a niece of the late Sir Adam Williamſon.

In 1799, during the diſturbances in Ireland, he went as aid-de-camp to General St. John. On the expedition going to Holland, he accompanied a detachment of his regiment to that country, and which, on the 2d of October, by charging a body of five hundred of French cavalry, recovered the Britiſh guns then in their poſſeſſion. When Sir Ralph Abercrombie was preparing, in the Mediterranean, the expedition which afterwards went againſt Egypt, our hero was appointed to the majority of Hompeſch's regiment, in order to take the command of the detachment ordered for that ſervice; but as he went by land, and was detained at the Auſtrian army ſome time, he did not join Sir Ralph Abercrombie until after the arrival of the Britiſh fleet at the Bay of Marmorice. He brought with him an urgent requeſt from General Bellegarde for the Engliſh army to be employed in Italy, but the general could not deviate from his inſtructions. In Egypt he was the officer who arranged the capitulation with the commander of the convoy in the deſert. Living intimately with and being confidentially employed by Lord Hutchinſon and the capitan pacha, he was enabled to obtain all that information which afterwards appeared in his Hiſtory of the Expedition to Egypt.

On the ſurrender of Alexandria, he embarked with General Craddock for a new ſervice; but the preliminaries of peace preventing that enterprize, he went to Toulon, where, in the

Lazaretto, he obtained indiſputable proofs, in addition to thoſe he had already acquired in Egypt, of the crimes with which he charged General Bonaparte, and which proofs he has promiſed, on a ſuitable occaſion, to give the world. Soon after his arrival in England through France, he determined on writing the hiſtory of the expedition; copies of which, when publiſhed, he delivered to the king, the emperors of Germany and Ruſſia; enforcing, in appropriate letters, the charges which he had made againſt the firſt conſul, and declaring it his wiſh to prove them before a public tribunal. On his return from Egypt, he purchaſed the lieutenant-colonelcy of his regiment, which, ſoon after the peace, was reduced. Until the beginning of the preſent year he remained on half-pay, when he was appointed inſpecting field officer of volunteer and yeomanry corps in the weſtern diſtrict; but when the act of parliament paſſed which precluded him from having any command of the volunteers or yeomanry, even in caſe of invaſion, he reſigned that appointment. He has ſince been placed on full pay in the 19th light dragoons, the Gazette of the 1ſt of December announcing his promotion as lieutenant-colonel.

When it is conſidered at how early an age this aſpiring officer has been thought worthy to be placed the ſecond in command of a regiment of horſe, his friends cannot but look forward with a confident preſage of his arriving, in due time, at the higheſt rank in his profeſſion, and attaining that pre-eminence of diſtinction, which is the juſt and beſt reward of merit.

CURIOUS INSTANCE *of* ABSENCE *of* MIND.

AMONG a number of inſtances of the late Dr. Monſey's abſence of mind, the following one he frequently mentioned, and laughed at very heartily, when in a good humour, at the ſame time obſerving, that his brother was as bad as himſelf: —The doctor being once on a viſit to his brother in Norfolk, in the beginning of the winter, and intending to ſet off for London the next day, his brother propoſed to go and ſhoot wild ducks early in the morning; that he might take two or three couple freſh killed to London with him. The ſervant had orders to clean the long fowling-piece, get plenty of powder and ſhot, and to gooſe-greaſe their boots.—Every thing being in readineſs, according to their deſire, about an hour before day-light the doctor and his brother ſet off for the place where the ducks reſort, in order to be there by break of day, when they generally take wing to go to feed. They had walked nearly three miles; and it having rained in the night, the clay-mud wall was very dirty and greaſy, when they heard the cry of the ducks. —They were now obliged to get over the wall and a gate acroſs

a ſluice into the marſh, where the ducks were. The rain had raiſed the water about a foot. It was then propoſed that one ſhould go over, and the other remain behind; ſays the doctor, "George, do you go over, for I have forgotten my boots."—"By G—d, doctor, ſo have I," ſaid his brother; but we wont loſe our ſport, as we have come thus far." So both waded through, and got over the gate into the marſh; and advancing along the fleet, they at length perceived the ducks.—"You are near enough, George," ſaid the doctor.—"Aye," replied George, "I think we are not above one hundred yards off."—"Why then fire," ſays the doctor.—"Do you fire," returned George.—"Why, I have not got the gun, do you fire."—"I fire! why d—m it, I have not got the gun," ſaid the brother, "I thought you had it. What a fine opportunity is loſt! Here are no leſs than thirty ducks within ſhot, and neither of us have got the gun;"—Thus, after riſing very early, walking at leaſt three miles in a moſt dirty place, along the ſalt marſhes, and wading mid-leg in water above fifty yards, they found that they had both forgot to take the gun as well as their boots.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

DRESS hats have been introduced of late into all large aſſemblies; many of them are made to ſhew the hair in bows behind, ornamented with oſtrich feathers and bandeaus of diamonds. Fine white chip hats, with feathers, are alſo much worn; and many of patent lace and lenos, lined with pale colour of every kind: primroſe, lilac, and blue, are equally faſhionable. The Grecian bonnet, of chip and ſtraw, beautifully ornamented with wreaths of flowers, and ſhaded ribbon to correſpond. The moſt elegant full dreſs is a bandeau and veil of ſilver Chambray, ſimilar to a turban, but much lighter in its appearance, and is at this time particularly adapted for race balls. The antique mantle of white muſlin, beautifully embroidered all round in white, and caught up at the ſhoulder with a large antique broach. Coloured mantles, of picket, are very elegant, and furpaſs all other kinds of cloaks; and, at the ſame time, not ſo general as the ſcarf, lined with coloured Perſian. There are ſo many ſorts of cloaks worn, and ſo whimſical, that it is ſcarcely poſſible to commit an error in putting any thing on for that purpoſe. Dreſſes remain juſt as they were, excepting that thoſe worn of a morning are made of a ſatin ſtripe cambric muſlin, and without train, which has a very pretty effect.

Eaſy

Eaſy Mode of removing Iron-Moulds and Ink-Spots from Linen, without the Aid of Salt of Lemons.

AFTER the linen has been waſhed, lay a ſufficient quantity of cream of tartar on the ſtained ſpot, and twiſting or tying that part of the linen, to keep the application in its place, thus put it into the copper to be boiled. No further trouble is required, as the ſtain completely vaniſhes in the boiling.

Various other ſtains may alſo be removed by the ſame means. It is however to be obſerved, that a greater quantity of cream of tartar is neceſſary than of ſalt of lemons.

A Specimen of Orthography, copied from a Notice Paper fixed at a Blackſmith's Shop in Cornwall.

A Gun to be ſhoot for at towsy nex at 4 a Clok in the after doon the Gun is 5 Foot Barial and if any Man will bine aply to N——— K———

Every Man pevide his own Puder and Shoot.

Reaſons for not adopting the Gregorian Calendar.

MR. Planta informs us of a whimſical circumſtance, in his Hiſtory of the Helvetic Confederacy. He ſays, one of the principal reaſons aſſigned by the peaſants of Glaris, both proteſtants and catholics, for not adopting the Gregorian calendar, was the following. At the upper extremity of the principal valley, on the frontiers of the Griſon country, is a natural aperture in a rock, called St. Martin's Hole, through which, annually, on the third of March, and the third of September, old ſtyle, the ſun, at noon, ſhines on the church ſteeple of the village of Elms. The peaſants, when the new calendar was offered them, rejected it unanimouſly, and with great indignation; obſerving, that ſhould they admit it, the ſun would no longer dart its rays on that ſteeple, on thoſe periodical days!

A QUESTION, *by Arion of Perranzwell.*

OUT of a baſket of oranges, one took 6, another 8, and another 11; then the firſt took half of what were left, and the reſt were divided between the other two, ſo that at laſt they had an equal part: How many oranges had each?

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to J. Channon's Charade, inſerted May 6.

WITH LEAF-GOLD now the laurel ſpread,
And deck each Britiſh warrior's head.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from William Gard, of Gittiſham; and Adrianus.

Anſwer, by T. Adey, of Poole, to P. Gove's Enigma, inſerted April 1.

SICKNESS impairs the human frame,
And makes indifferent wealth or fame.

†‖† We have received the like anſwer from T. Kite, of Stockland; M. E. of Camelford; W. Gard, of Gittiſham; and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot.

A REBUS, *by J. Lewis, of Poole.*

TWO-SIXTHS of a flower pray find;
And next a city call to mind:
Theſe parts when join'd, tho' ſtrange may ſeem,
'Twill prove my whole is but a dream.

A CHARADE, *by J. Tremlett, of Newton Abbot.*

WHEN clam'rous winds tumultuous riſe,
And foaming billows touch the ſkies,
When thunders roar, and lightnings glare,
Then may we think my firſt is near;
When on my peaceful next we're laid,
There to repoſe our weary head,
May we with ſolemn thoughts attend
Unto the doctrine God has penn'd:
My whole is awful! that you'll find
When you my two have right combin'd.

A CHARADE, *by A. Kyne, Jun. of London.*

MY uſeful firſt doth oft impart
The dictates of the lover's heart,
When guided by the hand;
By it immortal Shakeſpeare's name
Stands foremoſt on the rolls of fame,
The darling of our land;

Of Syria's precincts take a view,
And then, ye bards, I pray that you
Will next a mountain find,
On which the Jews, in ancient days,
Repair'd to pour their ſongs of praiſe
To HIM who is divine.

The ſeaman who the battle braves,
With Nelſon on the briny waves,
And ſcorns the cannon's roar,
When peace ſhall crown Britannia's iſle,
And plenty deigns to caſt a ſmile,
Deſerves my whole, on ſhore.

POETRY.

The SWISS *to his* NATIVE SCENES.

O Zurich! mid thy mountains wild,
Thy dark impending rocks, whoſe gloom
Chill'd with a reverential awe my breaſt,
And breath'd the ſolemn ſilence of the tomb,
I wander'd once a happy, harmleſs child.
When, tir'd with ſport, I ſank to reſt,
My wearied infant limbs I laid
Beneath the verdant larch's ſhade,
And, pleas'd, ſurvey'd the ſcene and ſmil'd;
How happy then, all gay and free,
I ſporting round my fav'rite tree
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Or when the ev'ning ſun would throw
A glow of crimſon o'er the weſt,
Down to the lake's ſweet ſhore I'd go,
Chanting a wild unpoliſh'd lay,
To bid adieu to parting day;
My penſive head upon my arm I'd reſt;
And view the glaciers, as the crimſon beam
Yet faintly quiver'd, ere it quite decay'd;
'Till to a twilight grey
The purple-tinctur'd glow would fade;
Save o'er the weſtern hills one tranſient gleam.
Then how I fondly lov'd to hear
The convent bells, as borne along,
Join'd with the ruſtic's ev'ning ſong,
Upon the breeze they ſwelling met my ear;
'Till ſinking as they ceas'd to fail
Upon the boſom of the gale,
They faintly died away.

From the high precipice above,
Where the wild rill deſcending flow,
Increaſing as its waters flow
By the mountain's melted ſnow,
In many a maze is ſeen to move,
Round many a hill does careleſs rove,
And babbles on thro' many a grove,
To join the ſky-blue lake below;
When the lightning's vivid glare
Flaſh'd along the ſky,
And the thunder's ratt'ling peal
Proclaim'd the tempeſt nigh;
I'd ſeek the dark receſs which ruſtic hands
Had zealous carv'd, to hold the croſs of ſtone,
Where oft they came, in ſlowly moving bands,
For ſome departed ſinner to atone;
I knew 'twas vain to ſeek my home,
For far my careleſs feet would roam.

But there ſecure I might a ſhelter find
From the rough ſtorm that hover'd in the wind,
And there enjoy the pleaſing dread,

Which

Which the long thunder's echoing roll
Infus'd into my little wond'ring ſoul,
Sitting ſilent as the dead!
But when the ſtorm had paſs'd along,
The radiant ſun his laſt beams flinging,
I'd recollect my conſtant ſong,
And traverſe o'er the mountain ſinging;
Then hie me to my little ſhed,
And throw me on my ſtraw-made bed.

When thro' the curling twiſted vine,
That twin'd around my window-frame,
The bluſhing beam of heaven would ſhine,
And the ſprightly ſongſter came,
And peck'd the purple pendants as he ſung;
My lighten'd heart that knew no woe,
Depreſs'd not by care's leaden hand,
Leap'd lightly at the ſweet command,
That to the mountain bade me go;
My ſcanty wallet o'er my ſhoulders ſlung.

My ſire, a hunter-peaſant, rough and rude,
In nature's ſtormy ſchool was born and bred;
Each morn the nimble chamois he purſu'd,
That o'er the craggy precipices fled;
A little ſcrip, containing ſimple food,
I bore along, in all our wand'rings wild;
With him I launter'd all the merry day,
His ſole companion, and his only child.
And when afar he ſpied his nimble prey,
He graſp'd his ſmall light ſpear, and joyfully he ſmil'd.

Swift as he ran, the ſwifter deer
Leap'd up to gain the icy rock;
And there he ſtood devoid of fear,
And ſeem'd the hunter's ſkill to mock.
But ah in vain!—the weapon flies!
He falls an eaſy ſacrifice.
The prey we homeward bear along,
With merry glee, and jocund ſong;
Such was the life which once I led,
When roſeate mirth and pleaſure ſhed
Their bleſſings on my infant head.

Days of my youth, are ye for ever flown?
Adieu bleſt days of innocence and eaſe!
Dear ruſtic recreations, are ye gone?
Paſtimes of youth, when ev'ry ſport could pleaſe!
Alas no more! compell'd in vain
To wander thro' a foreign land,
A melancholy ranger;
Unheard, unpity'd to complain,
The bitter cup of woe to drain;
My heart, to joy a ſtranger,
Sinks with the preſſure of care's leaden hand.

J. H.

EPIGRAM.

A Scolding wife confin'd unto her bed,
Her huſband call'd, and thus to him ſhe ſaid:
"My end is near: my will I wiſh to make."
"No, no," my dear," ſaid he, "you do miſtake:
"You've had your will theſe twenty years and nine,
"I am determin'd now I will have mine."